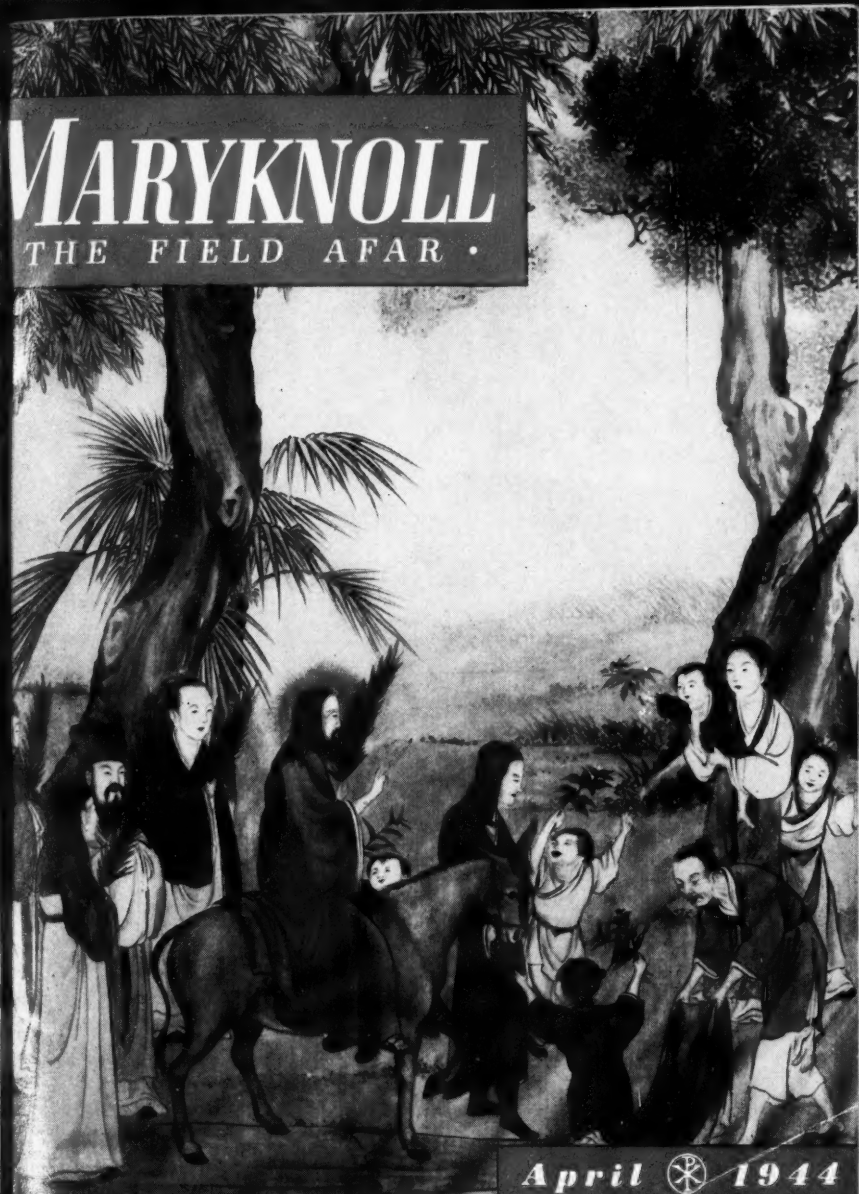


MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



April 1944



Chubby China Babies

BUXOM babies of New York's Chinatown reflect the healthiness of living in free and peaceful surroundings. Dr. Tsune-chi Yu, Consul General for China in New York City, holds in his arms the winner of a pre-war baby contest. He typifies China's interest in and love of children.

In contrast, China's two million war waifs need care. As against three hundred thousand registered for entry into camps, only thirty thousand are already housed. Madame Chiang, China's First Lady, gets much help from her countrywomen in this work. She has praised also the Catholic missionaries for the aid they have given. Much of this has been American aid.

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

THIS MONTH: Maryknoll presents, on page 2, a **Picture of South China** where our four big missions with 150 missionaries carry on. Just what are we going to do about the missions in the postwar world? Father Considine shows us graphically the possibilities in **Bright Spots in Tomorrow's World**, page 14. To provide a little variety and to pay a tribute to the home town of many of our missionaries, we have **Philadelphia's Open Gate**, on page 16, by Father Gardner. Missionaries have a tradition of following their people. Father Tibesar strings along with his Catholic Japanese and lives with them at Minidoka. How does it feel to be an American interned by Americans? **Minidoka Sanctuary**, page 28, explains. Maryknoll Sisters have smiled their way into the hearts of Canal Zoners. At **Palo Seco** their visit, page 38, brings pleas from the lepers to come more often. This issue concludes Bishop Walsh's sparkling **Description of a Missioner**, page 44, by showing that the easiest way to be a good missioner is to be a saint. **Our Cover:** Luke Ch'en, Professor of Fine Arts at the Catholic University of Peking, whose painting of the **Entry into Jerusalem** appears on our cover, is a native of Kaying, the city of Bishop Ford's residence. He became a Catholic through the study of New Testament scenes which he painted in Chinese style. He believes and is proving that art has an apostolic work to do. Several of his pupils have become Catholics through their studies. . . . **Share Your Copy.** Does more than one copy of **THE FIELD AFAR** go to your home? If so, won't you please help us in our paper-shortage problem? Here's all you have to do: clip the name and address from each copy received, and send them to us with word that one copy is enough. We'll then extend your subscription an extra year or two. Thank you.



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Picture of South China

IMAGINE YOURSELF surrounded on three sides by the Japanese Army and on the fourth side by the Himalaya Mountains. This is somewhat the present situation of a hundred and fifty Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters in South China.

The accompanying map, which is impressionistic and not intended to be perfectly accurate, gives us a general idea of how Japan has moved in about the four Maryknoll mission territories in South China. Japan holds the Yangtze Valley to the north; it has taken the entire line of ports along the China Sea; it has completely occupied Indo-China and Burma to the south. The artist has indicated all this by his crenelated rampart, which bars effectively all contact with the outside world in any of these directions.

To the west, China's terrain rises to prodigious heights and forms an area similar to our own Rocky Mountains. The Japanese could penetrate this region only at tremendous cost and hence have not sought to do so. Behind the mountains lies Szechwan Province, with an immense platter-like plain on which live sixty million people. The principal city in this Province is Chungking, now the wartime capital of China.

A few days after the fall of Hong Kong, which has always been the front door to the Maryknoll South China missions, the missionaries made an about-face. "We are cut off from the sea," they said; "we must do as the Chinese millions for whom we labor do — turn our eyes toward Chungking." Chungking is over a thousand miles away from most of Maryknoll-in-South China.

But happily, an air line had been established between Kweilin, an important South China city which is a Maryknoll center, and Chungking. Father Mark Tennien was detailed to leave his mission in Wuchow and establish himself at Chungking. For all the war years now, he has been the tenuous thread which has united the South China Knollers with the outside world. By the Kweilin plane and by over-

150
MARYKNOLLERS
WORK IN
BELEAGUERED
SOUTH CHINA

land messengers, the missionaries have kept in touch with Father Tennien. He has relayed their needs by airmail and by radio to the American homeland. Thanks to the miracle of twentieth-century banking, money can be deposited in New York and payment on it authorized in Chungking, by an order through the ether. Thus it is possible for the Maryknoll Treasurer to send money regularly to keep the South China missions functioning in these days which, in China, try men's souls.

The four Maryknoll territories in South China have a total area twice that of America's New England States. Three of

the territories are contiguous: the Vicariate of Kongmoon, headed by Bishop Paschang of Martinsburg, Missouri; the Vicariate of Wuchow, headed by Bishop Donaghy of New Bedford, Massachusetts; and the Prefecture of Kweilin, headed by Monsignor Romaniello of New Rochelle, New York. Some four hundred miles to the northeast is the Vicariate of Kaying, headed by Bishop Ford of Brooklyn, New York.

While all these fields have witnessed many bombing raids, to date the Japanese have occupied only a portion of the Vicariate of Kongmoon, which runs along





Bishop
Francis X. Ford,
Kaying



Bishop
Adelph J. Paschang,
Kongmoon



Bishop
Frederick A. Donaghy,
Wuchow



Monsignor
John Romaniello,
Kweilin

the coast. The city of Kongmoon is no longer tenable by American missionaries, and hence for all practical purposes Bishop Paschang is making the city of Loting his center. Wuchow is approximately a hundred miles from Loting, while Kweilin is over a hundred and fifty miles above Wuchow.

Until the American air forces established themselves near Kweilin in 1942, South China had had little air protection and the Japanese bombed the cities almost at will. The Chinese organized an efficient system of raid alarms, and relatively few Maryknollers have been war casualties. The first in the Kongmoon field to be injured was Father Robert Kennelly, of Norwalk, Connecticut.

Caught in his mission compound when the planes came, Father Kennelly saw a bomb falling and jumped behind a wall. His partly exposed body was target for a piece of flying metal, and he fell wounded. Sister Monica Marie, a Maryknoll Sister from Philadelphia, saw him go down and dashed from her dugout with her first-aid kit. A subsequent operation fitted Father Kennelly to return to service.

Much more serious damage was done in 1943, when the mission in Wuchow was hit. It took two hours of digging to free

Father Sprinkle from the debris. His jaw was broken in several places, and his back and pelvis injured. Kweilin has been the most bombed city in Maryknoll territory. The mission there was completely destroyed, and the priests lived for a time on a sampan in the river until new quarters were acquired.

Kaying, a rather quiet pocket off the main arteries of traffic, has been least frequently attacked. At one time the Japanese sought to destroy the bridge over the river at Kaying City, but failed to do so. The bridge was designed by Father Constantius, a French priest, and built by masons whom he trained.

Over a score of the Maryknoll priests and Sisters who were Japanese prisoners of war in Hong Kong are now at work in South China. Several Irish Jesuits, a number of Milan Fathers, American Sisters of Charity from Kiangsi, and American Dominican Sisters from Fukien, are also in the Maryknoll fields.

The beleaguered priests and Sisters have served tens of thousands of war refugees. Many thoughtful non-Christians watch the missionaries with new interest. "What profound impulse," they are asking themselves, "holds those selfless men and women among us to share our sorrows?"

Voices Out of Manila

AFTER A SILENCE of two long years, Mrs. Mary Hughes of Parkchester, New York, recently phoned Maryknoll the welcome news that she had received a letter from her son, Father Russell, in Manila. It read: "I am in splendid health and great shape. I am living at St. Rita's Hall and playing all kinds of sports."

A similar letter came to Maryknoll from Father William McCarthy, interned in Los Banos Camp about forty miles from Manila. He assures us: "I continue to enjoy good health and am perfectly contented. . . . I have the joy and consolation of being able to celebrate daily Mass."

Plans Glorious Reunion

FATHER WILLIAM CUMMINGS succeeded in communicating with his family from Billibid Prison, where he has been interned with the prisoners of war, his comrades from Bataan. "My health is excellent," he writes. "I remember all of you each morning at Mass. Take care of your health until glorious reunion."

Of Father Robert Sheridan and Father Timothy Daley, two of the internees from

the Philippines who returned last December on the *Gripsholm* report having seen them. Mr. J. E. Parodi, of Flatbush, Long Island, comments on Father Daley: "He lived in my room in Santo Tomas and volunteered for work in the Hospicio San Jose, also in Manila, as an orderly. This is where the very old and infirm are interned, and there is plenty of hard work. I saw Father Daley several times when he came to Santo Tomas on some errands and he told me he liked the work and was very pleased to be there."

Liaison Man Between Camps

MR. GEORGE MCCARTHY of Los Angeles describes Father Sheridan's activities in glowing terms: "He is doing marvelous work as a liaison man between these two camps (Santo Tomas and Los Banos) and the War Prisoners' Camp in the north. All the Fathers are in good health and have been doing good work keeping up morale."

News of the Maryknoll Sisters in the Philippines, who total over fifty, will appear in a coming issue.

Father Russell Hughes explains the Mass to his Filipino pupils





Fushun coal mine, said to be the largest open-cut mine in the world

The Lost Years

by BROTHER BENEDICT BARRY

TWO OF US had been standing at the *Gripsholm's* railing, searching for a glimpse of New York's skyscrapers. My companion had been a gasoline man "somewhere in China," and I was an exchange prisoner from the north. He had asked me how far the activities of Maryknollers went, in the land of the Manchus, towards Christianizing the thirty millions. It must have been some nostalgic reminiscence from twenty years in the missions that sent me off at great lengths, telling what our priests and Sisters had accomplished.

When my companion remarked, "Well, you can write that time off as lost years," I was surprised. He wouldn't have understood that the slightest task undertaken for God's glory is never lost.

Perhaps others at home may have some-

thing of that feeling. Already I have heard expressed the doubt that any peace is worth the sacrifices our boys in the armed forces are making. The two — war and religious liberty — seem very close, to me. Until the war came, we were free to spread Christ's gospel everywhere; our servicemen are doing a great deal more than their bit to bring back that same liberty. We do not count their sacrifices as vain, any more than we count as lost those years in which we worked for souls.

We have seen Fushun's missions grow from scattered groups of Christians in 1923 and the immediately succeeding years; through the struggling days of the new prefecture in 1932; to that morning in 1941 when our pioneer missionary returned, a consecrated Bishop, to his vicariate.

During those two decades of years, we had been instrumental, in one way or another, in directing many souls to God. There were hardships, difficulties and annoyances, but they were discounted and soon forgotten.

New Territories Opened

ABOUT twenty years ago, Maryknollers in Fushun began to build up their mission. It was an offshoot from the mission of Mukden but a healthy one — the work of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Schools had to be built, and mission stations opened in new territories; but before this activity could be begun, native teachers, able and willing, had to be found and trained. Almost simultaneously, a preparatory seminary was started, a native Sisterhood founded, and a school opened where teachers of catechism could be trained.

To meet some of the expense of these necessary works, industrial schools also were inaugurated: boys and men to do wood-carving, and women to make vestments and other articles which could be sold to friends in the United States. In no time, Fushun was a beehive of activity. Then new priests went out across the Pacific; Sisters, in greater numbers, arrived; and in 1932 another Maryknoll Brother was added to the personnel.

Such old missions as Chao Kao, Er pah tan, and Sin Pin got full-time pastors. New stations were opened, new missions erected, and a greater number of workers had to be

sought. One priest opened a Japanese mission in one large town, and another began a like work for both Japanese and Koreans in a southern port. What had once been stations visited once or twice a year, now became parishes with resident priests, and conversions began to be numbered in the thousands.

It was not an easy task. The eight months of sub-zero winter, the poor transportation facilities, difficulties of language, food, and health all played their part. Then, too, there was the ever-lurking danger from bandits and inimical Orientals who despised white foreigners.

Hardships and Martyrdom

ONE priest, kidnapped in the dead of winter, remained eight months in bandit hideouts. Another gave his life. But the living missionaries experienced daily martyrdom as they remained with their task of winning new adorers to the one true God.

As I think of Fushun tonight, a picture comes back of the bleak countryside, at twenty or thirty degrees below zero; the open-cut coal mine, close to our central house, blanketed in a dull gray snow; and the pall of dark smoke, like the lowering of paganism, hanging over the little town. The picture is dark, but it's not hopeless. Those clouds will be lifted by the sacrifices our armed forces are making, and the sun of freedom will again shine on the gilded crosses. And the years that saw labor and sacrifice will not have been lost years.

**Brother Benedict Barry
hits an optimistic note**





The Generalissimo bids "Top o' the morning" to one of China's war orphans

The Generalissimo Speaks

THE following excerpts are from a speech made by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on Christmas Eve 1943 to wounded and sick officers and men of his army. The Christian sentiments so publicly expressed are extraordinary in view of the fact that he is speaking for a very small minority of five million Christians out of a total population of four hundred millions. Those who know Chinese will recognize that the excerpts here quoted are a literal translation of the original Chinese speech.

"Now I have decided that, beginning from New Year's Day next year (1944), Christian missionaries in various parts of the country interested in your welfare shall be invited to preach to you the 'truth of life' in order to raise your standards of knowledge, to soothe your mental outlook and reduce your suffering.

Today I avail myself of the opportunity of giving this radio speech to impart to you, wounded and sick officers and men, the truth by which we military men should abide. . . .

"We soldiers in the Revolutionary Army should follow the example of Jesus Christ and be prepared like Him to shed our last drop of blood on the cross so as to purge the world of all its evils and bring about the bright new world of equality and freedom. . . .

"I hope that all of you, my beloved wounded and sick officers and men, will try to cultivate yourselves in the virtues of love and honor. I pray to God and Jesus Christ that you may soon be relieved of your distress and brought back to health to help complete our great task of resistance and national reconstruction."

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Visitors from the Skies — Recently Fathers Keelan, Murphy and I entertained some American fliers who lost their way and had to bail out when their fuel gave out. The Chinese officials treated them very well and gave them good transportation, asking one Father to accompany them to facilitate their travel. Some of the fliers had been lost in the mountains for days. I received another call this morning to expect three more for dinner. We are happy to be of service to these fine young men and to do our little bit for Uncle Sam here in this corner of far-off China.

— *Father Arthur C. Lacroix,
of Newton, Massachusetts,
now in Pinglo, Kwangsi, China*

Another First — The Maryknoll Chi Rho (symbol of the world-wide Church) is now publicly erected in another city of the world. Today the Maryknoll Fathers in Puno watched its construction high in the Peruvian Andes; workmen formed it in cement over the portals of our little chapel which is being remodeled. This day, likewise, Indian workmen of another contractor began mixing mud and straw for the reconstruction of the house for seminarians and students. It should be finished by March when the school year opens.

— *Father Joseph B. Donnelly
from Brookline, Pennsylvania,
now in Puno, Peru*

Pigeon Soup in Stanley Internment Camp — Brother Thaddeus was our cook in room No. 9. His favorite concoctions were bean sprouts and roasted soya beans,

which he called peanuts. These delicacies came so rarely and in such small quantities that the other rooms really had very little to be envious about. In the worst days the grandest prize was a pigeon snatched by Brother from the roof ledge just above the top veranda. Brother had studied the domestic habits of two local pigeons for days before he located their precise roosting spot. At ten o'clock one dark night, he purloined one of the pair, and, hiding it in a burlap sack, hurried it back to our room. Next day we had what seemed then to be the biggest feast of our lives: pigeon soup! It was divided among the seven of us and it really was a banquet!

— *Father John D. Moore,
of Cumberland, Maryland,
now in Wuchow, Kwangsi, China*

Rigorous Rationing — Bishop Paschang of Kongmoon is coming to give us our retreat. We expect to have a gathering of about twenty-one priests. The local Army chaplain plans to attend. It will certainly be a happy gathering. Already there is talk about the big softball game that will be held between the veteran missionaries and the newcomers. Preparations are under way to have the game on the city athletic field and many spectators are expected. An added feature of the retreat is that through the generosity of our friends in khaki we hope to be able to offer to each retreatant at least one American cigarette after each meal.

— *Monsignor John Romaniello,
of New Rochelle, New York,
now in Kweilin, Kwangsi, China*



Father John McCabe rounds up altar boys for "camera duty"

Calacala Characters

by JOHN McCABE

IF I COULD only borrow some of Dickens's power of character delineation, I am sure I could make you vividly aware of the variety and the goodness of our people of Calacala.

First of all, there is Mrs. Bersalovic, a middle-aged woman from Yugoslavia, one of our best helpers and a wonderful example to us. You thought that our parishioners were all Indians? Oh no, though most of them are. Mrs. Bersalovic is always present for seven o'clock Mass and receives Holy Communion. During the day, at moments when no one is around to observe her, she slips into the church to tidy things

up and see if the sanctuary lamp needs oil — with which she keeps us supplied.

Edo, the Bell Kicker

MRS. BERSALOVIC has a sturdy, little eleven-year-old son, Edo. He was our first altar boy and, I regret to say, is still our worst. His voice is a cracked whisper, his trousers of the stovepipe variety, his hair the uncombable type, and his face a perpetual grin. He has the unhappy faculty of kicking over the bell whenever it is within a ten-foot radius. Yet it never fazes him, and his grin disarms us when we wrathfully glower and are ready to dis-

charge him from the little group of altar boys you see in the picture.

Another striking character is one of the Indian women, Senora Dona Rosa. We like to call her "Ma" because of the motherly way in which she takes over such functions as passing the basket at the half past five Mass on Sunday mornings; washing the soiled altar linen, and acting as interpreter for the bashful, timid, and slow-of-tongue Indians who come in from the hills. Senora Dona Rosa is a constant reminder of the extent to which our poor, uneducated Indians can be developed when given the proper religious training.

Escort of Honor

THEN there are the three little sisters — Indians, too — whose names — Angela, Florida, and Carmelita — roll off their mother's tongue in a most musical way.

They range from three to seven years of age. Outside of church, after the evening devotions, they stand waiting for us, wrapped in becoming shawls, shifting from one bare foot to another, as the cool shadows fall. There is a scramble for our Breviaries, which they tuck under their shawls, and then they gleefully escort us to our house not far from the church. At the door they solemnly bid us, "*Caya cama!*" ("Until tomorrow!") in their best Quechua, reverently hand us our Breviaries, and then dash for home in a flurry of shawls and Quechua dresses — to enjoy the tasty bowls of soup awaiting them.

These are only a few of the characters in our little parish of Calacala. I wish you could meet them. Then you would know how happy we are here, and how eager we are to work for these good people. And so, "*Caya cama!*"

OUR MARYKNOLL family has suffered a great loss in the death of Sister Mary Camilla Chadwick, a nurse of marked ability, a seasoned missionary, a tried and true friend of the Japanese young girls among whom she worked for four years in Kyoto.

Sister Camilla returned on the Gripsholm after the long strain of restricted activity and scant rations to which she was subjected. Her vitality was so lowered that she lost the struggle with a bad "flu" infection, and on the feast of the Holy Innocents her beautiful soul winged its way to God.

Sister Camilla was born and educated in Concord, N. H. Her nurse's training was received at Carney Hospital, South Boston, Mass. She entered Maryknoll in July, 1936, made her first profession here on January 6, 1939, and was missioed to Japan in September of the same year. The funeral took place at Maryknoll.

Bishop Walsh gave the eulogy and said in closing: "As the angels conduct her to Paradise, our prayers will follow and find her there, and these prayers will be with her always a bond that still unites us and that links Maryknoll on earth to Maryknoll in heaven."



Friends in the Service

MARYKNOLLERS IN CHINA are finding many friends, these days, among American troops stationed there. Father Mark Tennien of Chungking — once of Pittsford, Vermont — has become unofficial chaplain and spiritual adviser to Catholic officers and men stationed near the Chinese capital. Major Robert J. O'Donnell writes that Father Tennien is in good health and the Major asks that copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* be sent to him.

"We have always been aware of the work of the missionaries," writes Major O'Donnell, "but now we are able to see at first hand the valuable contribution they

have made to the people of China, and indirectly to our own country."

Word comes from Father Tennien about the Midnight Mass held at General Stilwell's headquarters on Christmas Eve. Miss Jerry Lennox, a Red Cross worker from Freeport, Long Island, (right center: wide smile) decorated the hall. Father Tennien sang the Mass.

The choir made two Christmas Day broadcasts to the United States. After the Mass, Miss Lennox and other Red Cross workers held a gala Christmas party, attended by most of the soldiers near Chungking.

China tea party — Photo from Father Tennien of Americans in Chungking





Lost for thirty days in the South Pacific area, these four Navy airmen were saved by Catholic natives when a rosary convinced the natives that the strangers were not Japanese. Left to right, they are (front) Carl Schaffer of Portland, Oregon; Carl B. Saunders, Logansport, Indiana; (rear) Marion D. Trehitt, Santa Barbara, California; and Edward A. Conlon, Miami, Florida. The last named wore the rosary around his neck.

Bright Spots in Tomorrow's World

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

WITH WORLD WAR II at an end, what will be the prospect for a great advance of Christianity among the peoples of the earth? They would seem to be good.

Considering the twenty grand divisions into which the world may be conveniently divided, it appears that in eleven of them there will be major opportunities to build Christian life, though in the remaining nine the opportunities promise to be minor. Let us pass these grand divisions quickly in review:

1) **Western Asia** (Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Trans-Jordan, Arabia, Iraq, Iran; 40,000,000 inhabitants). For the most part, the people are fanatical Moslems. MINOR opportunities.

2) **Central and Northern Asia** (Russia, Afghanistan, Tibet, Bhutan, Nepal, Sikkim; 200,000,000 inhabitants). Russia remains an enigma, though there is hope of less bitter anti-Christian feeling there. Remaining countries are still tightly closed. MINOR opportunities.

3) **India, Burma, Ceylon** (380,000,000 inhabitants). Even though no political solution is found immediately, measures that will better the condition of the people are bound to be introduced. The religious spirit will continue to prevail. MAJOR opportunities.

4) **Southeastern Asia** (French Indo-

China, Thailand, Straits Settlements, Malay States; 38,000,000 inhabitants). After the Allied victory, the Annamese will continue to become Christian, but the area as a whole will probably be cold. MINOR opportunities.

5) **China** (450,000,000 inhabitants). Unless unforeseen factors bring Communists or xenophobic minorities into power, China will register substantial progress. MAJOR opportunities.

6) **Japanese Empire** (Japan, Korea, Formosa; 90,000,000 inhabitants). Korea will see Christian gains, but a tremendous



Shaded areas mark our hopes for post-war missionary advance

upsurge in favor of Christianity cannot be counted on in Japan. MINOR opportunities.

7) **North and Northeast Africa** (14 political divisions, from Strait of Gibraltar to borders of Kenya; 42,000,000 inhabitants). The population is principally Moslem. MINOR opportunities.

8) **East Africa** (7 political divisions; 19,000,000 inhabitants). The attitude toward Christianity, already favorable, should be improved. MAJOR opportunities.

9) **West Africa** (13 political divisions; 42,000,000 inhabitants). Same as East Africa. MAJOR opportunities.

10) **Central Africa** (9 political divisions; 25,000,000 inhabitants). The prospects here are even better than in East and West Africa. MAJOR opportunities.

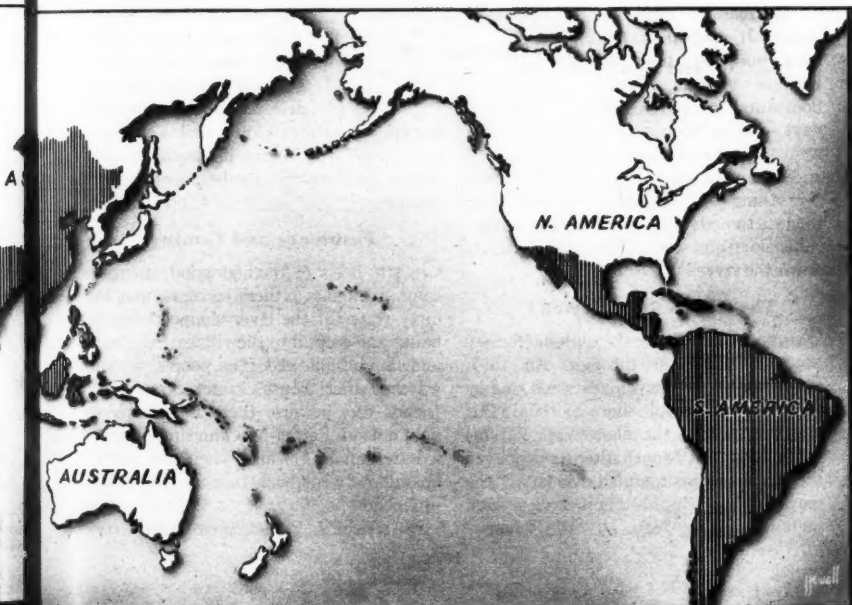
11) **South Africa** (6 political divisions; 11,000,000 inhabitants). Intense racial feeling makes the prospects uncertain. MINOR opportunities.

12) **Insular South Africa** (Madagascar and other islands; 3,500,000 inhabitants). MAJOR opportunities.

13) **North America** (Alaska, Greenland, Saint Pierre and Miquelon, Newfoundland, Canada, United States; 140,000,000 inhabitants). MINOR opportunities.

14) **Mexico and Central America** (all countries from Rio Grande to Colombia, and all West Indies islands; 30,000,000 inhabitants). A movement exists for increase in priests. MAJOR opportunities.

15) **South America** (15 countries; 90,000,000 inhabitants). Movements exist in many places (Continued on page 47)



Philadelphia's Open Gate

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

NOT LONG AGO a Philadelphian, as staunch a supporter of his city as ever swallowed a plate of scrapple, pulled his somewhat-mangled typewriter out of a pile of bomb rubble and wrote us a letter. He was Father Joseph McGinn, pastor of a tiny parish in China which is situated directly in the path of the invading Japanese Army. Things had reached an impasse with Father McGinn, and there was not a blessed thing he could do about them, so he sat down and wrote a letter.

"Troubles no end!" he wrote. "It was bad enough when our little town of Kochow was raked with bombs and bullets for three days; but as soon as the enemy planes went home to roost, we had a dose of hell and high water when a typhoon blew down everything that was still standing. And then, as though that wasn't enough, a flood came along and washed the whole business down the river!"

The Alarm Cried, "Wolf!"

THAT was not the first bombing Father McGinn had been through. Air raids started in Kochow seven years ago, and he had received his full share of them. But for over a year, the planes had left his village in peace. Month after month, even though the sirens sounded every day, the planes would skip Kochow and remain high in the air. Naturally the villagers

began to get a mite careless. Shopmen continued with their sales, and workmen took a chance. Then came the day.

The alarm had cried, "Wolf!" once too often, and the destruction was heart-rending. Buildings collapsed at the impact of bombs. A constant rain of bullets poured down and pierced the bodies of scurrying people. Again and again the planes came over to catch the stragglers.

Father McGinn and his flock crept back to their homes and patiently buried the dead, bound up the wounded, and made shelters within the wreckage of their homes. Suddenly the air became still and lifeless. It was the

warning that they all knew well: a typhoon was on the way. When it struck, it completed the work that the bombers had left undone.

Pestilence and Famine

ON THE heels of the high wind, the rains came in raging, pitiless torrents, and the dirty water of the river slopped over its banks and crept into the village. Pestilence and famine followed. The people sat and watched their houses crumble and their friends die, because there is no way to fight a flood. Father McGinn simply wrote a letter about it; and when the waters abated, he went back to work. He is still in Kochow.

Maryknoll's Philadelphia roster con-

*In the mission
fields, both at
home and abroad,
Philadelphia, like
every large Ameri-
can city, has many
representatives.*

tains the names of twenty-two priests, five Auxiliary Brothers, sixteen students, and thirty-five Sisters. The story of Philadelphia's Catholicism could be told with graphic clarity by a world atlas; the sons and daughters of its piety encircle the globe. For a city is like an individual: it may be close and self centered or it may be generous and expansive, and its personality is reflected in the quality of its deeds. Philadelphia has a fortunate tradition: it was ushered into being on the basis of brotherly love.

Brotherly love, in the Catholic sense, has a dangerous habit of refusing the harness, and running wild and free. It skips over the boundary lines and extends its brotherhood to the other fellow, even though his language may be thoroughly alien. Its synonym is Christianity and it is attuned to a universal wave length. But that is always the history of Catholicism; it refuses to be caged.

Philadelphia Influence

ST. CHARLES'S THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, ranks as one of the finest in the world. Although its

object is to supply priests for the archdiocese, its alumni have contributed to the missions, both at home and abroad, in a degree that is almost incalculable. Each year, at the invitation of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, a representative from Little Rock comes to Philadelphia, takes up residence, at St. James Parish, and makes an announcement that students for the

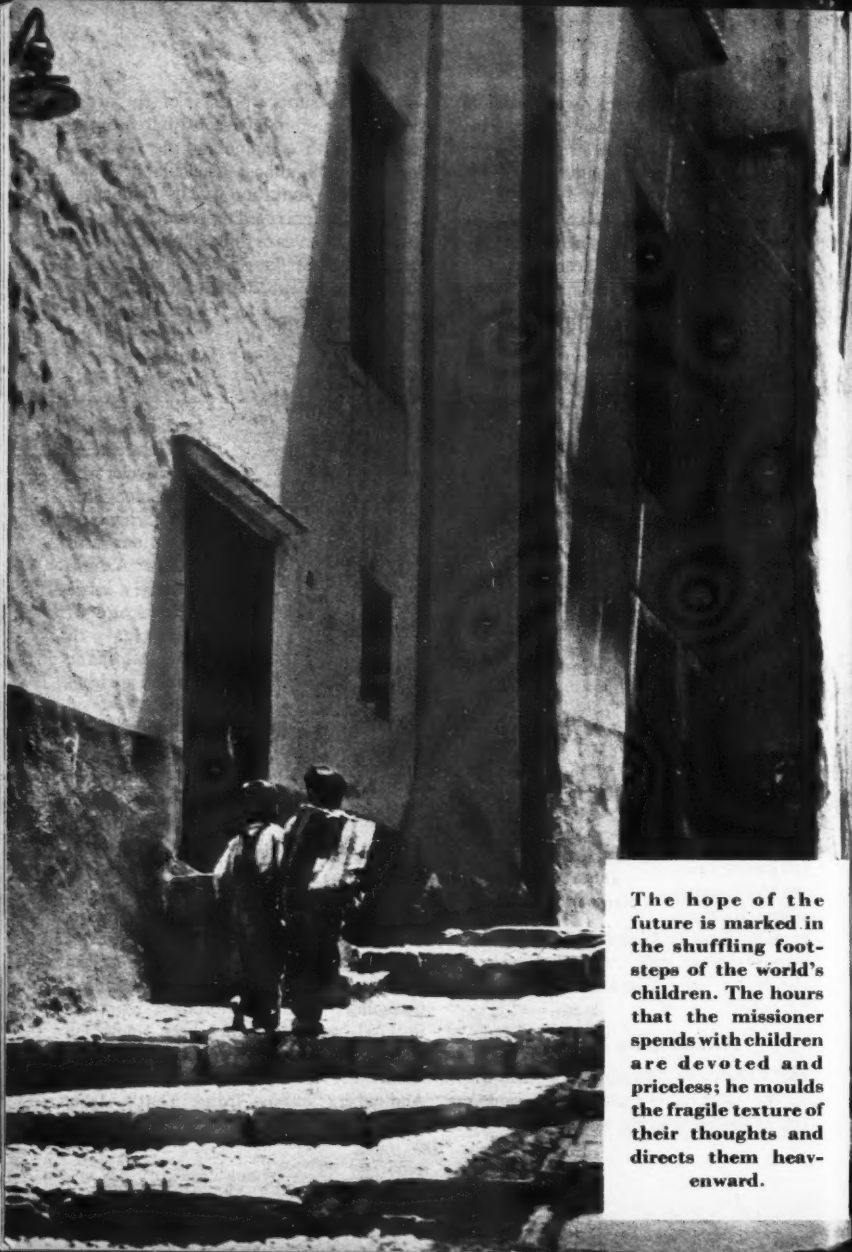
priesthood are needed for the American home missions. The response to the visitor's appeal may be seen by the traveler who stops along the highways of Arkansas and Texas. A surprisingly large percentage of the priests in that part of the country are from "Philly."

Nor is it necessary to go into China or our Southwest to find the Philadelphian influence. The first church in New York City was



Father Thomas O'Melia in South China, one of Philadelphia's 22 Maryknoll priests

the famous St. Peter's on Barclay Street. Before the first pastor was appointed, the nucleus of the parish — some two hundred Catholics — had been brought together, in 1783, and plans had been made for the erection of a church. The leader of the small flock was Father Ferdinand Farmer. And where was he from? That's right. From "Philly."



The hope of the future is marked in the shuffling footsteps of the world's children. The hours that the missionary spends with children are devoted and priceless; he moulds the fragile texture of their thoughts and directs them heavenward.

Resurrection in New Spain

by JOHN C. MURRETT

THE MAYFLOWER had not yet landed at Plymouth Rock, the Declaration of Independence was yet undreamed-of, but Jesuit missionaries from Spain had even by that time advanced far in planting a new Faith in the hearts of South American Indians.

Ten years before the first Congress convened in this land, a writer from Spain described the miracle which the Padres had wrought in the south.

"The men are vivacious," wrote d'Orbigny. "They are gay, frank, naïve, sociable, and extremely hospitable, fond of games and dances. They work at their crops all day, and return at night to a pleasant, low-built homestead. The women are noted for their lovely teeth and high cheerfulness. They pound maize, spin cotton, bear children, and carry water from fast, cold streams."

Converted Idolatry

THIS rustic felicity was possible because of the Jesuit missionaries, who, self-exiled from their cultured land, devoted themselves to the instruction and encouragement of the Indians.

"Father Domingo," says Julian Duguid in *Green Hell*, "taught the children to speak Spanish, to read and write; Father Miguel showed the men how to get the best results from their crops."

Little by little they led the people from barbaric idolatry to the knowledge and worship of the One True God.

Tribal customs were not destroyed —

they were Christianized; tribal dances were not forbidden — they became religious processions. God was approachable — not a violent being sitting above, casting down thunderbolts. The new religion exemplified, in the person of the priests, the doctrine of loving kindness. The Indians loved their children tenderly; they loved their priests with the same affection.

Then, in 1767, the King of Spain recalled all the Jesuits from South America.

"We Will Kill the Soldiers!"

"**M**UST you go?" asked the people.

"Our King has recalled us. We would stay all our lives if God so willed. But now, we may not."

"We will kill the soldiers who come for you!"

"No, you must not do that," the priests counseled. "The good Lord will provide other teachers."

So the Jesuits left, and a lethargic pall fell over the land.

Other priests came,

but far too few in number.

Today, almost two hundred years later, new Padres from the north go to the land of the Chiquitanos to pick up the threads of that civilization and Faith which hundreds of years ago flourished so splendidly.

In some ways there will be many more difficulties than pioneer missionaries met going to South China; in another way there will be the ground work of a beautiful Faith that has never been lost, but merely uncultivated for almost two centuries.



On the Mission Front

Kaying Kitchen

FATHER JOHN DONOVAN, of Newport, Rhode Island, is once more active in refugee work, Bishop Ford of Kaying informs us. In 1939 Father Donovan played an important role in the care of the refugees



Father John Donovan

who fled from fallen Canton. This time he heads the local committee in Kaying. Bishop Ford writes: "The Kwangtung International Relief Committee allotted to Kaying, \$100,000 (national currency) monthly relief, and we are feeding 500 daily. I

hope to extend this relief to many of the surrounding districts if the committee will see fit to release funds after they have made their inspection. Unfortunately, during the time that it took to secure this generous grant, many of the neediest cases died of starvation. Thousands need the daily bowl of congee. We formed a local committee which consisted of representatives of the mayor, the Refugee Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Catholic Church. Father Donovan was appointed chairman, and the Maryknoll Sisters were given charge of the kitchen."

— *Bishop Francis X. Ford,
of Brooklyn, New York,
now in Kaying, Kwangtung, China*

Don Angel Loses a Partner

DEATH visited our establishment this morning when the wife of Don Angel, our caretaker of whom I wrote a few months ago, died very suddenly of a heart attack. Father Dirckx hurried across the road to the little dwelling of Don Angel's family, but the Senora was already dead. The missionary had just finished anointing her when Don Angel himself returned to the house. The twenty-four hours of Don Angel's day are usually spent either here at the church or in his little home, just a few minutes away. But today, for some reason or other, he was not present at either place when his wife was stricken. A family of six children was left motherless.

— *Father George C. Powers,
of West Lynn, Massachusetts,
now in Talca, Peru.*

Gum Chewers, Take Note!

FOR WANT of a rectory, Father Lomasney and I are living with a chicle agent, which means that all the gum chewers are contributing to our rooftree.



Father Henry Dirckx

The next time you see Beechnut gum advertised, you'll think of us. Our church is a one-room affair, entirely inadequate to house more than forty. Today—Sunday,

December 12 — is the great feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Many devout young girls decorated the altar with the gorgeous flowers so abundant here. Our total parishioners number over 2000. Of that number, only about fifty were present, including those at the doors and windows. We have a hard row to hoe, but watch our dust!

— *Father Gerard T. Greene,
of Woodhaven, New York
now in Central America.*

Lean-to Becomes Rectory

WE ARE tearing down the lean-to against the church which has been our rectory for the last four months, and building a new house. We are being ably assisted by the Cotopaxi Exploration Company, which has a mine some sixty miles from here. We are also renovating the main altar and the sacristy, ripping up the termite-eaten floors, tearing out the bat-haven altar, and taking down the walls before they collapse from sheer exhaustion.



Father Gerard Greene

Quevedo is an up-and-coming town with about 5,000 local residents and with some 15,000 more in the surrounding country. The people are more than pleased at seeing their church renovated, and they are helping out to the best of their ability. It is good to be here.

— *Father James J. Ray,
of New York, New York,
now in Quevedo, Ecuador.*

Too Little Time

WARTIME Kweilin has provided many opportunities for us all but especially for Father Thomas Ryan, S.J., editor of the Hong Kong Rock, who is living with us here. I don't think he ever wastes a minute. Listen to this round of apostolic activities.



Father James Ray

He is a member of eight prominent committees in town and that despite the fact that he speaks almost no Chinese. He has personally instructed and baptized about twenty adult converts and has twenty-five more awaiting a convenient time to begin instructions. Most of these are young people who were formerly residents of Hong Kong, where they studied in the English schools. They are employed in banks, business houses, and Government offices. Every Tuesday evening Father Ryan fills the Social Service Hall with music lovers. He gives the introductions and explanations of his valuable collection of classical phonograph records, before playing them on our antiquated phonograph.

With two helpers, he has organized a refugee project for the exiled Burmese by securing a grant of land and getting orders for furniture. This is work which they do with great skill, and the revenue from it will assure them of support.

— *Father Edward McCabe,
of Providence, Rhode Island,
now in Kweilin, Kwangsi, China*

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



EASTER

IT DID NOT seem as if the world would ever smile again, nor did it seem to matter whether it did or not — that is, what was left of the battered hulk, sad remnant of an illusory paradise, forlorn garden now ravaged by the winter of our cosmic discontent.

Once it was fair, and it had seemed fairer still in every prospect and promise. We knew it as a pleasant shelter where care-free children played, a haven of good life for any and all, a valley of peace, a primrose place where every vista beckoned to an endless dawn. But we did not really know it. Much of it was a mirage; and all of it was an improvisation.

So winter came, and the spell was broken; and we looked at our valley of peace to find it had suddenly become the tomb of our hope. The carefree children had donned the khaki as they went out to repair the flimsy world our self-sufficiency had fashioned, and they were falling like leaves in the forest, while we still prated of the dawn. This was no dawn; it was night. The good life for humanity was nowhere, and the blight of our inhumanity was spreading its paralyzing venom to every corner and cranny of the globe. It was the world's winter; and it was hard to believe that spring could come again.

Time after time in the history of the

world have the hopes and plans of men blossomed in intoxicating promise — only to end in unforeseen disaster, only to lead eventually to destruction and the tomb.

Meanwhile there is one Tomb where no hopes are buried, where no plans ever miscarried, where death was but a prelude to life, where the better world we seek was put in reach of us all. It is the Tomb of the Resurrection that burst asunder on Easter Morn, to reveal to the world its unique way of peace in the salvation brought on earth by Christ the Lord.

This was no improvisation of men, to end in another tragic miscalculation, but a pledge of victory straight from the skies. This was not merely an assured and acceptable way — it was the sole and only way — to bring us out of the storm and the darkness. This was our peace.

Spring will come again, but not before we add the sacrifice of ancient prejudices and old vices to the sacrifice of young lives. In our blind misery we still grope for the dawn although it is shining out for all the world to see — the light that broke upon us in the flush of Easter Morn.

May we find it and follow it, live it and apply it. Then shall we know an eternal spring that will smile on the world forever, as God's own order restores to us the paradise we have spoiled.

Anniversary

EASTERTIDE at Maryknoll always recalls the memory of the Cofounder and Superior General. It is a memory treasured more and more as the passing years reveal and emphasize the place of Bishop James Anthony Walsh as a wise architect in the mission cause. Maryknoll is his monument, and a mission-minded America is his well-earned epitaph. Eight years ago he left us with his work well

done, and it consorted well with his own deep faith and strong optimism that the summons should reach him in the radiant Easter season of victory and hope. We miss his wise mind and fatherly heart. We miss his prudent guidance, his cheery presence, his very step. But we hope we are not missing any of the traditions he gave us, for it is our chief study to carry them on. And we expect to see him again.

An Interpretation

"NONE better than Father Walsh knew how commonly it was said a quarter of a century ago that Americans loved ease and recreation too much to make the personal sacrifices necessary to become foreign missionaries. It never occurred to Father Walsh to disprove this statement.



Bishop James Anthony Walsh

"His demands made on the young members of his Society were exacting. He required simplicity, a prayerful spirit, and a sensible observance of poverty in the manner of living. He made all its members realize that Maryknoll was only a small part of the missionary world, that its interests were therefore subordinate to the greater interests of the Church and the general welfare of the whole mission field.

"It would give an entirely wrong impression of Bishop Walsh to think of him as wholly absorbed in missionary problems. Every interest of the Church of the United States was his interest. He was proud of the work of every American priest that reflected credit on the Church. Every new and resourceful effort for souls, every solution of a spiritual problem thrilled his very soul. The problem of saving souls in every part of the world of our day was the subject of his frequent meditation.

"Loving America with an intense love, he recoiled from the national strifes, armaments, competitions, prejudices and selfishness which destroy national friendships and promote national hatreds."

*Archbishop McNicholas
of Cincinnati*





BOLIVIAN CARNIVAL

Whenever Padre Flaherty walks down the street of his South American parish, the children transform his errand into a happy, vociferous parade. Maryknollers left the United States to work in Bolivian fields on Easter of 1942.

The Making of a Missioner

by JAMES KELLER

RECENTLY after a talk in a large high school in the East, one of the students came up and said, "I'd like to be a missioner, but I don't think I'm good enough."

He was not the first boy to say this. Being an average young man, he was completely qualified for the role of training to become an ambassador of Christ. The desire to devote the rest of one's life to the work of the foreign missions, is the first condition expected of an applicant for Maryknoll. "Supermen" are not needed — though unquestionably the Lord could use a few!

From time to time in these pages we list seven qualities necessary among others for becoming a missioner.

Test yourself against them:

1. Good Health

That's an absolute necessity. There is no chance of doing work in the far outposts of civilization without a healthy body. No medical corps accompanies the missioner.

2. Average Intelligence

A sound mind in a sound body! A young man with at least average intelligence can accomplish wonders for a great multitude of human beings if he is willing to use the talents that the good Lord gave him. After completing high school, he must be willing to strive diligently through nine years of study before ordination, and then another year or two in some foreign land to master a strange language and stranger customs.

3. Normal Piety

He must be a man of God — a man of prayer. If he is to bring God to men and men to God, he must be another Christ, imbued with the simple, profound principles of religion, and scrupulously avoid what is superficial and does not ring true. This quality is well described in the description of a priest by a great French preacher.

4. Generosity

He must be willing to "live in the midst of the world without wishing its pleasures; to be a member of each family, yet belonging to none; to share all sufferings; to penetrate all secrets; to heal all wounds; to return from God to man; to bring pardon and hope; to have a heart of fire for charity and a heart of bronze for chastity; to teach and to pardon; to console and to bless always."

5. A Sense of Humor

A hundred times a day he has to be able to laugh *at* himself and *with* others. He has to avoid taking himself too seriously and others not seriously enough. No matter what trials or difficulties try to trip him up, he will somehow manage to smile his way through them, one and all. The joy and peace of Christ will permeate everything he touches, and those who cross his path will have their lives brightened by the infectious joy of his life.

6. Common Sense

All who apply for a work like that of Maryknoll must be distinguished by an

ample supply of common sense, sometimes called "horse sense." Freakish traits or lack of balance may not be too much out of place in some walks of life, but they certainly are in a mission career.

7. Zeal

He must have the will to help the world, to bring Christ to *all* men. Once he has that clear, all else follows. It is all so easy. He will soon find growing within himself a burning desire to do good to as many human beings as possible. He will feel that he has something that belongs to all men, that no sacrifice is too great to get it to them. The "Go" of Christ will not be just another empty word to him. For him it will mean: "Hurry, hurry! The time is short. People are in need. You have peace and happiness for all men, sent by God Himself. Go to them. Don't wait for them to come to you." A divine discontent and impatience will keep urging him on. He will be fired with an ambition to bring the love and peace of Christ to every part of the globe. Although his own personal efforts must be limited, yet he is deeply concerned with the *whole* job, with *all* men.

If any added incentive for zeal is needed, he need but take a lesson from the fanatics who are spreading everywhere hatred, destruction, death. They labor day and night. No hardship is too great for them. They are misguided but driven by an ideal. As the late Holy Father put it:

"These people have an ideal. They are captivated by it. When necessary they are capable of suffering for it and even of risking their lives in defense of it. That is strength. And we, have we not a higher ideal? If we Catholics could all be captivated by that ideal to the extent of suffering something, and if necessary even risking our lives to realize it, then the victory would be ours."

Three-Minute Meditation

"Going therefore teach ye all nations."

— *Matt. 28:19.*

Not long ago a high Government official opened one of his talks with the following:

"At the very heart of both Christianity and democracy is the proposition that the individual human soul is sacred and the voluntary relationship of one soul to another is based on the fundamental link which both have to God the Father."

How much is each of us doing to spread over the whole world this sublime idea that holds together our civilization, which maintains that each human being is sacred and that all of us, good and bad, black and white, poor and rich, young and old, are children of a common Father? The man who realizes this is seldom brutal to his fellow man. The man who does not, often treats his fellow worse than a beast.

How can we tell ALL men this profound idea? In the course of his talk, this same official repeated the old, old answer: "Christ commanded His apostles to go and teach all nations!"

If we are honest with ourselves, we'll frankly admit that we haven't been too much interested in doing what Christ said. Few followers of Christ actually "go." Why? Perhaps we are afraid — perhaps we don't want to go. But all of us should realize that today, nearly two thousand years since Christ begged us to spread everywhere the love of God and man, there are still hundreds of millions of persons over the globe — possibly more than half of all humanity — who never once in their lives have heard anything of the sacredness of the individual.

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

Minidoka Sanctuary

by LEOPOLD H. TIBESAR

WE HAD four adult baptisms here at Camp Minidoka this 'month: Mr. Miura, who used to drop in at the church in Seattle years ago; Mr. Saito, our former grocer; Lil and Knuckles, two high-school girls who were in the habit of visiting our old office last fall to work out jigsaw puzzles and who later stayed to study the catechism very ardently. They, together with Nibi, make up the three feminine musketeers of Minidoka. We still have twenty-four coming for instructions regularly, and a few dozen more make sporadic visits. The former class is made up largely of folks we had known for years when they lived in Seattle — in the city; the latter are newcomers.

Chapel and Library

THEN there is the crowd of women who want us to help them

●

American born —
he is lonesome
for America

get their husbands out of internment. They usually stay to ask a few questions about the little chapel we have next door. Yes, we have a "next door" to our layout now. We had to move from our old quarters to make room for the High School just next door.

We asked for larger accommodation and received two rooms. One is our very own

private office and living room; in the other, we are privileged to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. When this room is not in use as a chapel, the tabernacle is curtailed off; the rest of the space is taken up with stacks for the not-inconsiderable library we have been building up. We have also quite an array of games for the young folks, and they may be seen there at any time of the day working out puzzles, a very popular form of indoor sport here, or playing checkers or chess or any of a dozen other games.

Requests for job assignments in the Midwest have grown to sizable proportions, too, as it be-



comes more evident from day to day that the W.R.A. means business with its relocation policy, and that a return to the West Coast is becoming an impossibility, at least for the duration of the war. With the help of Maryknollers in various parts of the country, particularly of Father McCormick, in Detroit, we have succeeded in placing some of our families in such advantageous positions that many others look upon our Catholics with envy. As a result, no doubt, not a few non-Catholics have come to us to request a like service.

However, it is very difficult to assign families to the places offered. There may be persons willing to accept a position, but they have children and nothing has been said about children in the job offer. We sit down to write, or send a telegram and straighten that out, and then we still have the little chore of getting family release. This has been speeded up somewhat but is still much too cumbersome for any expeditious sending of people into new relocation areas.

Schooling a Problem

TO DATE the people whom we have resettled have been enthusiastic over their new homes. Their employers, too, we imagine, must find it a relief to have the help they sought in vain, back in the centers of war work where wages are high and personnel limited. Boys and girls are beginning to look for schools, these days, and this especially in the case of the girls, is a problem. There are very few girls' schools available or open to these victims of the

war. Somehow, after all these years of mission appeals, there must be some people somewhere in this broad land of ours who could be induced to take up this chore of Nisei education on a missionary basis.

Father Tibesar is chaplain at Minidoka, a Japanese relocation camp, located at Twin Falls, Idaho. Maryknoll was asked by the local bishops to supply priests for Japanese camps in the United States because of their familiarity with the language. Eight of our priests, two Brothers and two Sisters serve in this apostolate.

As a rule, nursing schools are the most difficult to enter, for the girls, and medical schools for the boys. The story seems to be in the case of the medical schools that we haven't too many of them and most are dominated by a firm policy. We've never had a Catholic student turned down to my knowledge, but what we need to have at a time like this is freedom to enter non-Catholics, too. This we haven't had. As a result, many of the boys who would be studying in

Catholic schools today have bunched into the few available non-Catholic schools. That will some day be considered a regrettable loss to the Church's missionary effort. Catholic doctors, or doctors with a Catholic training, among these people would spell an incalculable advantage to the Church.

Prayer

*If I but knew the love that made me,
If I but loved the one who gave me,
Promise of eternity!
If I but followed Christ Who calls me,
If I but ran to Him Who saved me —
Lifted high on Calvary!
Teach me Christ, O gentle Saviour,
Lift me from my own soul's failure —
Lift me high to Calvary.*

— EDWARD A. WALSH

Nicknames

by JOSEPH GIBBONS

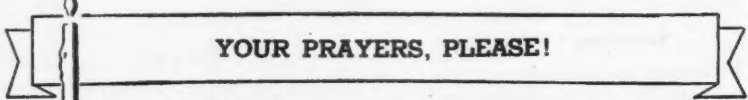
SEATED at my desk and busy with the routine report work that is part of the task of running a Catholic mission parish, I was not paying attention to the youngsters about me as they played their native chess and other games. There was a din of voices, but one grows accustomed to noises in the Orient. Gradually, by force of constant repetition, there entered my consciousness the words, "Old Man! Old Man!" accompanied by outbursts of laughter. I paused in my writing to find out who the "Old Man" might be.

The "Old Man" was Thomas Kim, aged thirteen, who received this nickname because he walks with a stoop and is deliberate in all he does. His inseparable companion, Peter Han, who is twelve years old, is the "Old Woman"; for when you see the "Old Man," the "Old Woman" is not far away. From a play on the words of his pagan name, Joseph Kim is the "Rat." Joseph Tjen, who can kick the soccer ball with the best of them, and who is an all-


around boy, is called "Lady," for he has fine features and clear skin. Leo Pak is the "Crab," and this is no reference to his disposition: Leo has a rather strange way of walking.

Everyone has a nickname. And the priests are no exception. One priest who is shy and retiring is known as the "Bride." Another who, despite the dirt about him, manages to keep neat looking, is called the "Dandy." Another, who always speaks as one having authority, is the "Spokesman." One priest who, like the Master, is no respecter of persons and is on fire with zeal for souls, is the "Tiger," for he stalks souls as would a tiger seeking its prey.

Korean nicknames hit the mark. They are given without malicious intent and in good sport. The nicknames reveal the keen sense of humor of the Korean people. And people with a sense of humor are sure to make fine Catholics. Perhaps that explains in part why the results of the missionary work in Korea have been so happy.



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!



WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 2,988

Persons deceased, 1,767

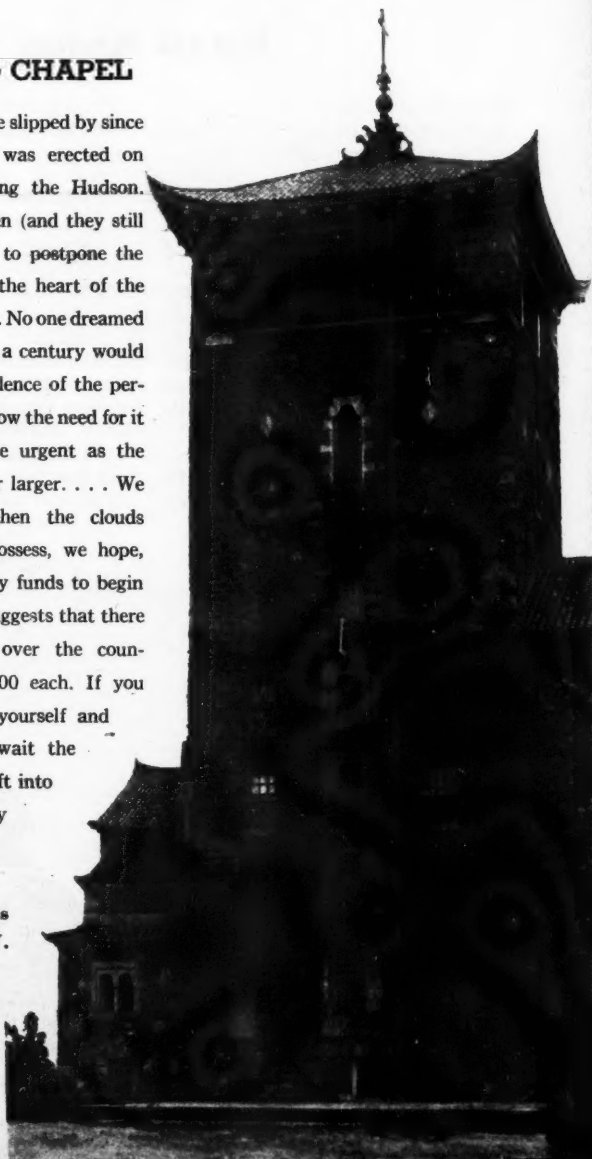
Persons in the services, 917

Other special intentions, 5,006

THE MISSING CHAPEL

Over twenty years have slipped by since our Seminary building was erected on Mary's Knoll overlooking the Hudson. Needs were pressing, then (and they still are!), so it was decided to postpone the building of the chapel, the heart of the Seminary, for a few years. No one dreamed that nearly a quarter of a century would roll by with still no evidence of the permanent edifice. . . . But now the need for it becomes more and more urgent as the student body grows ever larger. . . . We plan no drive, but when the clouds clear away, we shall possess, we hope, sufficient of the necessary funds to begin construction. Someone suggests that there might be 500 friends over the country who would give \$500 each. If you are inclined to include yourself and are willing to let us await the war's end to put your gift into service, we shall be happy to hear from you.

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**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.**



Knoll Notes

TWENTY-SIX DEACONS are daily practicing the co-ordination of words and movements in preparation for their first Masses. Full turns, half turns, bows, genuflections; high tone, low tone, barely audible; hands open, hands folded, hands on the altar, eyes upwards, eyes downcast, eyes straight — it takes about six months' of daily practice to be able to perform these motions smoothly and to time them carefully to fit with the liturgical prayers that are being recited. Missioners realize the power of the liturgy to touch the human heart, so they are at special pains to carry it out devoutly and exactly.

* * *

BECAUSE a contractor's estimate for the construction of new tennis courts took

our breath away, the theologians became surveyors and builders.

* * *

WHILE our reference library has been adequate for our Seminary needs, we have had so many requests from outside sources for information on missions and missioners, that we have ventured to entertain the thought of making our library also a storehouse for mission lore, to be built up as the years go by. To achieve this purpose, plans have been laid; volumes are coming in, and exchanges are being made. Perhaps you have some treasured volume that you wish to pass on to a useful old age. We'll give it an honored place on our shelves. Look over your books and see if there are any you can send to Maryknoll.

Our own surveyors lay out the
tennis courts



**Deacons Kearns and
Putnam preparing in a
seminary oratory for
their first Holy Mass**

**(Left to right) Fathers
Reilly, Edmonds, Hirst,
McDonald, now in Wu-
chow, China, snapped
in the library corner**



Two Months to Round the Block

by GERARD GRONDIN

IN MY home town we always knew when it was time to beat the rugs. Some folks called it spring cleaning, but for us it was the parish census. Just as soon as the pastor announced that the priests would be around to visit each family, the house received its annual polishing and we kids knew that, unless it was raining, we would take the carpets out to the back lot and whale them with long, thin sticks until the little clouds of dust stopped puffing out of the nap. Then we'd always be careful not to wipe our faces until we could look in a mirror because our hair and

eyelashes would be gray, like old folks, and our teeth felt like sandpaper.

Then block by block the census would start. The priest would drop in to see every family. There was always something mysterious about the visit; we never knew what kind of questions he asked but it seemed as though they must have been about something very important. All we knew of the census was that the priest visited each home by the simple process of walking around each block. Years later, when I was assigned to my parish, I decided to walk around the block and take up a census.

But my parish has only one block. It took me two full months to go around it.

The Skill of a Boat Builder

THE preparation was a lengthy process. Census taking in Bolivia is not a matter of automobiles and trains. I needed a few mules, heavy boots, a bed, mosquito netting, lamps, coal oil, guns, fishing tackle, salt, flour, Mass vestments, a portable altar, a first-aid kit with stress on the serum used to counteract the bite of venomous reptiles (unfortunately, the traditional "snake-bite cure" has been proven ineffectual), cooking utensils, a pad and pencil to make memoranda of the families of my parish, and finally a means of carrying the entire collection plus a party of five who would act as guides and porters.

Our trip began by water in a boat that had formerly been a tree—a majestic giant of a tree—that had once grown near the river's edge. The Bolivian boat



builders had felled it, trimmed it, shaped it to the contour of a river craft and then scooped out its innards in the manner that a child scoops up a plate of ice cream.

It took months of patient work, but when it was finished they had a fine smooth canoe that was all one single piece. Of course the Bolivian Indian is not merely utilitarian in thought and when the boat was sailable they went to work with their implements of artistry and with nimble, talented fingers, carved graceful images at its prow and painted its hull in riotous colors.

Their process of construction has not varied in over two centuries and the only concession to modernity was a five-horse-power outboard motor that alternately roared and whined as it pushed the huge bulk through the yellow river waters.

Village of Two Families

WE GOT under way just after an early Mass one morning and made noisy progress along the Tahuamanu River.

The jungle began almost as soon as we left Porvenir and the water reached out before us, a long shining carpet of water, and the trees leaned forward as if to watch their own rippling, indistinct reflections.

As night was falling, we reached our first parishioners, in the little village of Alianza. Population: two families.

There were, however, guests in Alianza, and as our craft pulled towards shore, the older folks came to meet us while the children literally poured from out of,

behind, and under the two flimsy houses.

Their joy at seeing the Padre was unmistakable. Word had reached them that I was in Porvenir, but they had had no idea that I would be around to see them so soon.

This is the first family of my first census taking. I am not a stranger. Everything they did, every word they spoke, seemed to say, "We are glad you are here." The children danced around me and held my hands, while the elders looked pleased and were gracious.



**Fr. Gerard Grondin, M.M.,
who goes around the block**

Word went through the jungle that the Padre had arrived. In the quiet darkness we talked, my parishioners and I, and I knew that their faith was a deep, beautiful, tenacious thing.

I am going to like my parish. There are hundreds of miles to travel before I get "around the block," but they will be pleasant miles.

But this is not a sight-seeing trip; there is work to be done. Under God, these fine, friendly people are to be taught by my words and the power

of the Sacraments.

How shall I take up a census? Many of my parishioners have never before seen a priest. Their knowledge of the doctrine of Christ has been handed down by their forefathers and, not infrequently, has been scarred in the transition. But their lives and activities are so beautifully obvious that it would be superfluous to question them. I shall simply repeat the story of Christ to them and let God's grace fall where it may.

World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND
ALL OF THE LIVING

MISSION ACTIVITY is only one phase of the Church's life of dedication to all mankind. Missions are the Church *in via*, in the process of arriving at possession of men's souls. But, the Faith implanted, the Church does not then say, "These men are baptized now; let them shift for themselves."

It is an incomplete concept of Christianity to believe that we live to ourselves as a people or as a race. In the command of God, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," the term "neighbor" means all men; and in the air-age world of today, it is easy for the humblest man in the street to understand that this applies to the daily life of men. Today, even men without any religion, even pagans in remote corners of the globe, recognize that a friendly union of all the living is obligatory if we are going to have harmony on our planet. Thus they arrive by the back door at the age-old contention of world Christianity, Christ's prayer to God the Father — "That all may be one."

Defining our Terms

WE USE the term "world Christianity" to remind ourselves of our Christian obligations toward mankind as a whole. We may define world Christianity as the application of Christian teachings to all of life over the globe and to all living men over the globe. The concept is vast indeed

but no more vast than God's plan in sending His Son to die for all men. He did not say, "I mean particularly white men; I am particularly interested in the Western World."

World Christianity represents the systematic cultivation in children, young folks, and adults of: 1 — a knowledge of and regard for the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and an appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; 2 — devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.

A Philosopher Convert

TO BE properly imbued with this Catholic regard for all men, many men need to undergo the experience of Benedetto Croce. During the past generation he has been recognized as one of Europe's philosophers. He was for years a disciple of the pagan philosopher Hegel and as such gave short shrift to Christianity or to any doctrine of religious dedication to his fellow man. By a series of steps, however, he moved into the Christian camp, and his sentiments represent an acceptance of Christianity in its deepest and most beautiful application to the universe.

"The men, the geniuses, the heroes," says Croce, "who preceded Christianity accomplished wonderful deeds, magnificent works, and left us as a legacy an immensely rich treasure of forms, thoughts, and experiences. But in all these there is lacking that special accent which makes of us

one community and one brotherhood and which Christianity alone can give to human life.

"Its effective influence is that of love, love towards all men and towards all creatures, towards the world which is the work of God, and towards God who is the God of love, not standing aloof from man but descending towards him, God in whom we all live and move and have our being."

This may read like the pious words of a priest in the pulpit but is, rather, Catholic thought expressed by a man of public affairs now engaged in the political struggles of the new Italy.

Full Life for All Men

WORLD Christianity interests itself in each man's spiritual needs by showing regard for all those temporal circumstances of life which touch the individual by touching the community in which he lives, the state to which his community belongs, the world in which his nation functions. Complete Christianity is world-embracing social Christianity.

The Catholic of today, then, must be interested in world Christian education, in the proper nutrition of all men everywhere, in world public health, in world labor ideals according to the encyclicals, in world credit conditions, in the world improvement of production and distribution. As Catholics we are dedicated to securing for every human being, by the very fact that he is a creature of God and quite independently of whether he is Christian or non-Christian, friend or foe, the minimum conditions of life recognized by the Church as the fundamental rights

of man. These grave days call us to true Christian brotherhood in union with all men.

The Archbishop Writes

ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN, of New York, gives us an example of how to apply these principles to everyday living. Joseph M. Proskauer, a highly respected New York judge who is president of the American Jewish Committee, recently gave a notable address in the "American Forum of the Air," declaring that friendship among men cannot depend

on whether one is white or black, foreign or native-born, Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. He proposed the following four-point oath for all Americans:

"I will daily deal with every man in business, in social, and in political relations, only on the basis of his true individual worth.

"I will never try to indict a whole people by reason of the delinquency of any member.

"I will spread no rumor and no slander against any sect.

"In my daily conduct I will consecrate myself, hour by hour, to the achievement of the highest ideal of the dignity of mankind, and human brotherhood."

Archbishop Spellman's prompt reaction was the following letter to Judge Proskauer:

"I heard your statement on the radio tonight, and I congratulate you on it. I trust your noble efforts to be helpful in overcoming religious and racial animosities will bear fruit and will promote mutual respect, understanding, and tolerance among all groups of Americans."

World Christianity applies these sentiments to all men throughout the earth.



The Lepers of Palo Seco

by PETER DREW

In November, 1953, several Maryknoll Sisters departed to undertake mission work in the Canal Zone. Visiting the lepers at Palo Seco is among the Sisters' many activities.

ROYAL PALMS stand like sentinels and tower over the luxuriant tropical vegetation; Pacific waters wash with a soft swish the shore of the cove at *Palo Seco*, in the Canal Zone region.

The bell, pulled by willing hands, rang out as soon as the car was sighted in the distance, and simultaneously figures left the dormitories and moved toward the chapel. The worshipers are lepers, men and women; some mutilated, some barely showing the disease. Among them, for the first time, kneel the Maryknoll Sisters.

Francisco makes the responses during Mass. All heads are bowed during the Consecration and Elevation; then soft strains of "O Lord, I am not worthy!" rise from the organ; diseased, disfigured lips shape lovely sounds, "speak the words

of comfort, my spirit healed shall be."

Mass over, Adrienne takes charge of the Sisters, because everyone unable to attend chapel must be visited. Consuelo, who has been very sad, promises with a smile not to cry any more. Natividad, who speaks only Spanish, has learned a special piece which she recites for the Sisters, "I loved you before I saw you, but now that I see you, I love you even more."

Dear old Dora, with her crippled hands and sightless eyes, gives thanks audibly as she assures the new arrivals that she is "going home soon to God." Consuelo, Nathan, Mateo, Mr. Lou from China, and scores of others gather around as Father and the Sisters prepare to go. "Adios!" from all sides.

Many hands wave as Father calls out: "The Sisters will stay all day when they come next week. They will have a rehearsal for the Mass, and if there's anything else anyone would like besides the things already on the list — just tell the Sisters. What did I hear? A miraculous medal? A statue of Don Bosco? Peach voile for a blouse? All right! All right! Adios!"

Palo Seco has flowered again in hope.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

I am enclosing herewith \$. to be used by Maryknoll Sisters for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name

My Address

I will send, as long as I can, \$. each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister. (\$1 supports a Sister one day. There are 675 Maryknoll Sisters.)



Sister Concepta Marie (left) and Sister Socorro Maria visit a Canal Zone orphanage

Sister Mary Lella holds conference with an orphanage pupil before an attentive audience



Poverty in China

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

I SHOULD much prefer to "I complained I had no shoes until I saw a man who had no feet."

than to write about them; but when the Bishop's pocketbook is flat, and all available means are used up, and the eyes shrink from the gaunt specters that haunt our doorway, persistent in their hope of some relief, I must hide myself behind dry analysis.

We have always taken Chinese poverty for granted, perhaps because it is borne so dumbly.

It needs a stout heart to walk through the streets of our city these days. Literally almost every doorway has its huddle of living and dying, mutely watching while the dead are carried off. Mealtime is a grim occasion, as the groups stand patiently in the open doorways of the houses, eyeing every mouthful of food eaten by the dwellers and waiting dumbly for the meal to be finished and the scraps distributed to them.

Sorrow Beyond Tears

AT MY OWN house, a group gathers out-

side the open kitchen to pick up the discarded stalks and coarse leaves of vegetables that the cook rejects

as unfit for the pot. But it is the silence of their misery that stuns: no brooding or whining, but a dull stupor that does not even beg for food. They are beyond tears.

The ten coffin shops of the city report five times the usual number of orders during the past month, and people are hurriedly buried at night to avoid expense. During the first pangs of the famine, thievery broke out in broad daylight; houses that were known to have surplus rice were boldly entered, and the rice was taken and distributed without other valuables being disturbed. When cholera followed famine, a dull pall of inaction settled over the city.

We of the West remember the "flu" of a generation ago, but that came kindly, in the midst of plenty. Cholera is more deadly; it strikes when famine has already reaped, and the very water that would

"COOLIE"

THE WORD "coolie" is familiar to anyone who ever resided in the Far East. We usually associate it with the Chinese who do the dray work in the coast cities, and it is frequently on the lips of foreigners. The Chinese themselves rarely use it, and we can safely say that it is never heard in the interior unless used by someone from the port cities. Actually the word is derived from the Hindu language, according to Webster: but it is sometimes said to come from Chinese, for in the latter language "coo" means "bitterness of mind or body," and "lie" — which is pronounced "lee" — is the Mandarin pronunciation for the word which means "strength." So a coolie might be described as one whose strength is exerted in doing bitter tasks.

cool the thirst is cursed, the usual food-stuffs are exhausted, and the edible ferns and other grasses are greedily sought for.

Rice Is Like Gold

THE staple food of this section is rice. For two consecutive years, the crops were much below par, and then came the drought. Drought in this section is not like the dust storms of the States, which smother moisture on the surface. Drought here is the untimely absence of rain just as the young shoots of grain push through the soil. In a period of two or three weeks, lack of rain hardens and cakes the mud-fields which are essential to the growth of rice; the shallow wells and rivers dry

up; the ponds are quickly emptied; and the season for planting rice passes without a crop.

It had rained deceptively earlier in the year, and any surplus rice from former crops had been sold advantageously elsewhere. As a result, the entire region was unprepared, and within a short month or two found itself facing starvation. Rice enough to tide a family over until the time of the next crop rose in price from two hundred dollars to a thousand — then three, five, and finally seven thousand dollars — and, at the highest price, was rationed to each buyer in small daily portions.

Railroads Are Needed

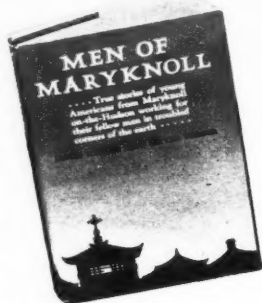
THE problem of poverty in China may be much alleviated permanently by lines of communication. Though there will still be famine from natural causes in a land where staple crops are not diversified, the prompt remedy at hand through roads and railways would do much to counterbalance it and, incidentally, provide all areas in times of plenty with a reserve revenue for bad years — a reserve which hitherto has been lacking.

China's economy is fundamentally sound, as it is based on a sturdy, democratic, land-owning farm population which is self-sufficient in local resources. Though railways and trucks may bring many new problems of industrial evils in their wake, they are means of relieving abnormal distress from natural causes that are the origin of China's poverty.



MEN OF MARYKNOLL

SIMPLE, AMAZING, DRAMATIC — stories of young American missionaries of Maryknoll at work in China, Japan, the Philippines, and South America, told by Father Keller of Maryknoll and Meyer Berger of *The New York Times*. You will meet a Connecticut Yankee who runs a leper colony in South China; the Iowa plowman who harvests souls on a farm formula; the jungle Padres, and others. This is a book about typical American priests who are performing deeds which make us proud to have a part with them. *Scribner's*, \$2.



CURRENT BOOKS

Across a World

World view of Catholic missions, by John J. Considine. Cloth, \$2.50; paper, \$1.50.

All the Day Long

Biography of Bishop James A. Walsh, by Daniel Sargent. \$2.50.

Maryknoll Mission Letters

Two vols., 1942; two vols., 1943. 50¢ each vol.

One Inch of Splendor

Story of Maryknoll Sisters in China, by Sr. M. Rosalia of Maryknoll. \$1.

When the Sorghum Was High

Biography of Father Gerard Donovan, by John J. Considine. Cloth, \$2; paper, \$1.

Pattern for Tomorrow

A good teen-age story, packed with Catholic social teaching, by Sr. M. Juliana of Maryknoll. \$2.

TAR HEEL APOSTLE

LIFE OF FATHER THOMAS FREDERICK PRICE, native of North Carolina and missionary there before he founded Maryknoll with Bishop James A. Walsh. As a boy, Father Price adopted the slogan: "Every Tar Heel a Catholic!" He stuck to this task through many trying, amusing, heartbreaking incidents, which only helped him the better to be cofounder of Maryknoll and missionary in South China. Simplicity, devotion, and a consuming zeal made the Tar Heel an apostolic figure who will win your heart. *Longmans*, \$2.50.





THE CHURCH is the guardian of our faith. The fighting youth of America is the guardian of our liberty. Protect them both; they are our country's most valuable possessions.

War Bonds will help the boys; sent to Maryknoll, they will help the missions. Buy Series F or G in the name of Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.

Description of a Missioner

by JAMES E. WALSH

"Is it possible for a man to be a good missioner without at the same time being a saint?" Bishop Walsh answers this question in the following article, which concludes his portrait of a missioner.

GOOD MISSIONER, apostle, or what you will, how can a man hope to measure up to this vocation? Is he likely to manage it by any ordinary means? Or even by any extraordinary means that yet would remain in the category of the natural? Would there be any hope, for instance, for a Marcus Aurelius or a Benjamin Franklin? Very little. It is much too large an order. Any natural system of checking up would break down a hundred times a day. Taking thought will not exercise nerves, and making resolutions will not insure patience. Moreover, the man who by natural means would make any sort of fist at meeting these great demands in any creditable way, would need to be a far-wiser individual than the philosophers of Rome and Philadelphia.

In order to prove letter-perfect in all the little and big exigencies of his exacting days, he would need primarily a most extraordinary mental equipment and orientation. To every passing trouble he would have to bring the remembrance that it is passing,

and the conviction that it is not trouble. He would have to view things always in the perspective of eternity, wherein they all look so very small. He would want the judgment of Solomon and Daniel combined, in order to restrict to every event only its own little significance and no more. He would need horizons bounded, not by today, but by infinity. As he cannot see results, he would have to content himself with causes; as he cannot make headlines, he would have to realize that the headlines he reads today were really made centuries ago, and were made by the men who, like himself, were content to let the world go by in order to perform that world's most important work, and thus to plant in obscurity the hidden seeds that are now in flower for good or ill. He would have to gaze steadily at the things unseen; he would have to look at the cross and see the crown; in a word, he would have to carry a universe in his head all the time.

Saint and Philosopher

IS THIS a rare man? Is it a man at all? An Augustine or a Bossuet might attempt it, although they would be the very last men to do so without first bargaining for the grace of God in countless measure. It is a description of a man who is not only endowed with the universal mind of a philosopher of the first water, but is also a natural saint as well, if there is such a being. And yet, notwithstanding all that, it is likewise nothing more than the description of the person who would



manage to be a good missionary by any sort of natural means.

But if the missionary is saying his prayers the whole time, are not all these little natural difficulties swallowed up in due course? If he prayed perfectly and always, no doubt they would be; but in that case he would already be a saint, and would not have any problems, except to remain a saint. It is possible to pray much, however, without thereby stepping into the class of serene untouchables. He soon finds this out, and this brings the temptation to pray more. Temptation it is; for his vocation is not the cloister. Successful prayer for him is neither in volume, nor yet in the setting. He will do his best praying, not in the quiet of his chapel, but treading forest paths and poking into farmhouses and hobnobbing in the market places, where the zeal of his vocation should eternally take him in an unceasing quest for souls. His own soul is saved only by saving others. This was God's will in his regard, manifested unmistakably when He called him to the mission life. Yet one of his commonest temptations is the tendency to convince himself that he follows the will of God by clinging to his enclosed garden and redoubling his prayers.

Too Clever to Exist

Is it possible, then, for a man to be a good missionary without at the same time being a saint? The answer is that it would take an exceedingly clever man; so clever, indeed, that he probably does not exist. And if such a man could be found, it would cost him far more time and effort and study and care to maneuver successfully through this maze, than it would

require to perform the same work through the automatic means of becoming a saint. He would be taking ten times as much trouble to attain the same result. Sanctity is therefore the easiest way, because it is the straightest road; and being the easiest way, it is for most of us the only way, since the average man is not looking for hard and unusual ways to perform this or any other stint. In fact, when the average man once wakes up to the startling fact that he, the least of all the saints, with all his blushing imperfections thick upon him, has been chosen through some mystery of Divine Providence to walk in the giant footsteps of Paul and Xavier, he thereupon begins to look about him in desperation for the easiest way, or indeed for any old way, that

will enable him to cope with the colossal task.

Sentenced to Sanctity

HE LACKS abysmally the brains and the character needed for his job of work, and unless he is simply to make a fantastic fiasco of the whole business, he is forced to seek and find the one adequate means open to him. It is his only hope. When God fashioned him into the weak and stupid creature he is, and then sent him out as a child to do a man's work. He thereby sentenced him to sanctity. And so instead of trying to imitate the saint, it would be better for him to concentrate on the less-complex process of being one. For him it is at once the easiest and the only way. And, incidentally, it is doubtless the reason why missionaries abound, while the good missionary is almost as rare as the saint whose vocation his own so closely resembles.



Humble Village

by CLARENCE J. WITTE

THE CUPBOARD looked ready to give up the ghost. It has borne its burden for too many years, and now, as it stood against the unpainted wall, colorless and indistinct in the dust, it sagged with a grotesque slant like an ancient gnome who was trying to look around a corner. But it kept pace with the remainder of the furniture: chairs were at a rakish, tipsy angle; the table was favoring a short leg; the dingy windows were rheumy and bent; while the threatening ceiling was suspended from a thread like the sword of Damocles. Everything in the room and, indeed, the entire house, was out of plumb, and we, the spectators, began to lose confidence in our own stature. But,

take it or leave it, this was it. This was home.

The parish compound is a miniature jungle. A maze of intertwining vines and banana trees crowd against the two buildings like an upholstery of foliage and give them an air of defiant privacy.

The parish church of the village was not a sprightly edifice, and the passage of years had whittled cavernous wrinkles in its visage. The altar had become dingy from lack of use, the half-used candles were all awry, the linens had taken on the grayness of age, and the insecure floor was a threat to obesity. But there remained a spark of life — a quiet, dignified life — in the church's interior, because the prayers



of pious peons had made its sanctuary deathless.

My first thought was of the mother and mistress of all churches, the cave of Bethlehem. Its dimness spoke of mysticism and the eternal world to which it was the doorstep; its musty smell suggested the intrusion of more than one animal; the dark tabernacle was the crib; the aging linens were the swaddling clothes; and a placid mule, grazing near by, made the picture complete.

But a tottering church and rectory have no bearing on the inner sanctuaries of people's hearts. The buildings are merely the backdrops, the properties of faith, and

a few days of labor with the mop and the polish will act as an elixir of life and recapture the youth of their countenances.

The residents of the village were more than enthusiastic in their greeting. They smiled, they doffed their hats, they bowed, they shook hands, and spoke a litany of greetings that were beautiful in their sincerity and charm.

The entrance of the priest, in these favorable lands, is a heart-warming, triumphal thing. It is the beginning of a new story; the beginning of a new journey that will end, please God, in the renewal of the daily life of an ancient faith.

BRIGHT SPOTS IN TOMORROW'S WORLD

(Continued from page 15)

for heavy increase in priests. MAJOR opportunities.

16) **Australia and New Zealand** (8,500,000 inhabitants). The situation is much as in our own United States. MINOR opportunities.

17) **East Indies** (Netherlands East Indies and British Borneo; 62,000,000 inhabitants). MAJOR opportunities.

18) **Oceania** (smaller Pacific islands; 3,000,000 inhabitants). There is evidence that the war has improved the already favorable sentiment toward Christianity. MAJOR opportunities.

19) **Philippine Islands** (13,000,000 inhabitants). Only the limitations of our zeal in sending personnel will keep this area from becoming almost entirely Catholic. MAJOR opportunities.

20) **Europe** (475,000,000 inhabitants). For the most part, the situation is like

that in the United States. MINOR opportunities.

We have cautiously represented the Christian peoples as making no important progress in overcoming their divisions, though many thoughtful men feel that great steps toward reunion are not far off. Certainly it is the fond dream of every good Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Pope Pius XI wrote, "We wish to express our sincere gratitude to those Catholics who, under the impulse of divine grace, turn towards their separated brethren and seek to open the way for them, whereby they may return to the Faith." The greatest single step toward the advance of the Faith throughout the globe would be the reunion of Christendom.

Returned Gift

*A little seed on fertile ground
Gave us a tree to gaze upon
But we in turn cut down the tree
To hang the Maker of it on.*

— DONALD HAREN

Maryknoll Want Ads

Children have no politics, but they suffer most in war. Hundreds of Chinese orphans, the hope and future of the nation, throng to the Maryknoll Fathers for protection. 10 cents a day will feed one—and we cannot fail them!

Wanted by Maryknoll missionaries on three continents: a set of Solesmes records; \$25 to purchase religious medals; \$100 for a portable organ; a set of latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica; cassocks for small altar boys; albs and altar linens; Benediction copes and veils; St. Andrew's Missals in English and in Spanish; *Kyriales* and St. Gregory Hymnals; horses for sick calls, \$100 each; a truck, "jeep" style; medical kits; Mass kits. Can you spare the article, or its equivalent in cash?

Our Lord cured lepers — You today may not work miracles by your \$5 contribution to Maryknoll — but you will provide a whole month's care for some unfortunate in China!

Body and soul — Some truly Christian spirits inhabit ailing flesh; but for most of us, a well body is an aid to the soul's health. That is why Maryknoll has sent a physician, a nurse, and a laboratory technician to Riberalta, Bolivia — in the hope that a clinic may be established there. \$1500 is required to equip and maintain it. Who will provide it — or part of it?

Cold, dampness, snakes, insects — all these menace the missionary who lies down to rest beside a Central or South American jungle trail. A sleeping bag which will give him rest and protection costs \$25. Maryknollers must have sleeping bags if they are to go about in wild regions — and they must go if they are to do God's work.

Pity them — old, homeless, helpless — the aged of China, driven out upon the iron roads of war! \$5 means a month of life for one. Can you and *will* you spare it?

Shut your eyes — Now try to imagine how it would seem if you could never open them, if you must grope always through darkness. And having tried blindness thus on a small scale, for a short time — send \$1, \$5, \$10, or more, to help the Maryknoll Fathers to help the blind of China!

Buy a War Bond — yes. And having thus helped to prevent the triumph of evil, use it to bring about the triumph of good! By sending that Bond as a gift to Maryknoll, you build up what war has torn down — you aid both your Government *and* your God! Buy Bond *Series F* or *G* in the name of Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.

Tiny death — Maryknoll Fathers brave many dangers, but few more terrible, or less dramatic, than mosquito-bite. What is a trivial annoyance here means malaria in China or in Central and South America. Nets to prevent infection cost \$7.

"One picture is worth a thousand words!" say the wise Chinese, and so say the Maryknoll Fathers who have used catechetical illustrations in teaching Indian children. Illustrated charts cost \$6, and cut almost in half the time required to prepare a child for First Communion. We can use as many charts as we can get.

Just to survive — that is all they ask; to have food enough so that they will not die; to live through this terrible time of war, into China's better days which lie ahead. Each \$5 you give means another month of life for one of the refugees!

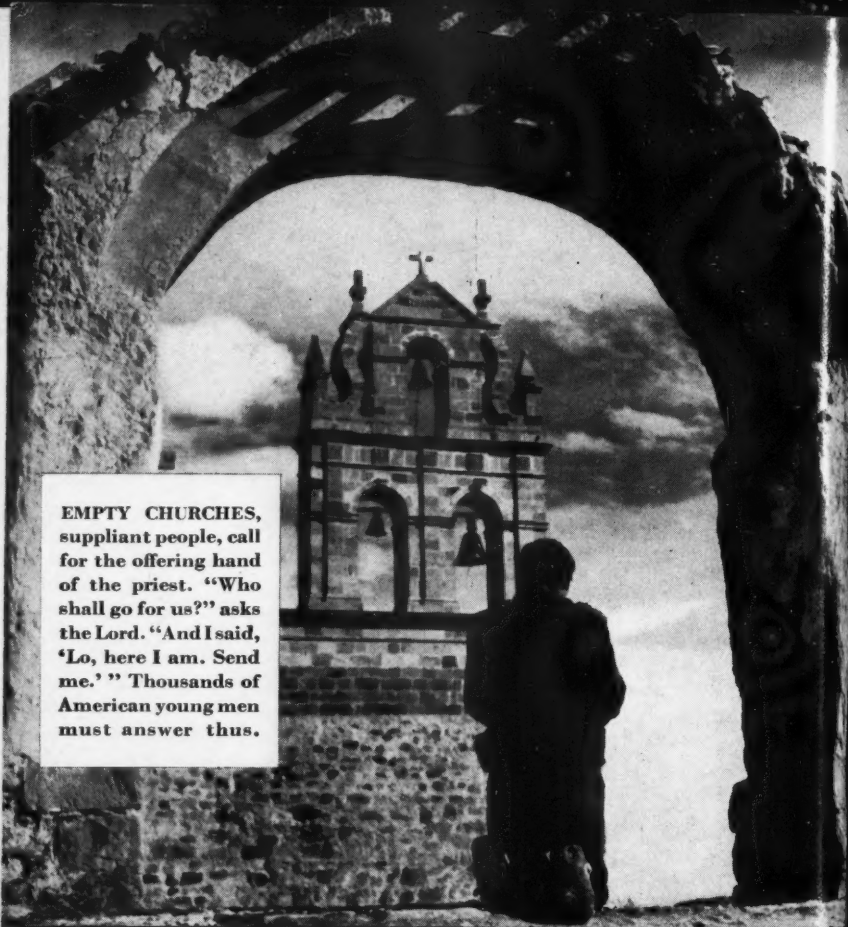


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MARYKNOLL MISSION NEEDS

| | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Support of blind — in China (monthly)..... | \$ 5 | Vestments — for Ecuador (one set) \$ 25 | |
| Support of orphans — in China (monthly)..... | 5 | Mass wine and hosts — for Chile (monthly)..... | 30 |
| Mosquito nets — for Bolivia..... | 7 | Medical kits — for Central America (each)..... | 35 |
| Altar cloths — for Central America | 10 | Horse — for Chile..... | 100 |
| Medicine — for China..... | 15 | Education of seminarian — in China (yearly)..... | 150 |
| Support of catechist — in China (monthly)..... | 15 | Painting of church — in Chile.... | 200 |
| Support of native Sister — in China (monthly)..... | 15 | Repairs for fire damage — in Ecuador..... | 250 |
| Mass candles — for Peru (monthly) | 20 | Rectory — in Ecuador..... | 800 |

Buy War Bonds Series F or G in the name of Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc., and send them to Maryknoll as stringless gifts.

A black and white photograph showing a person in silhouette standing within a large, rough-hewn stone archway. The person is facing away from the camera, looking out towards a church bell tower in the distance. The bell tower has multiple levels with arched openings and is topped with a cross. The sky is filled with dramatic, dark clouds. The overall mood is contemplative and somber.

EMPTY CHURCHES,
suppliant people, call
for the offering hand
of the priest. "Who
shall go for us?" asks
the Lord. "And I said,
'Lo, here I am. Send
me.' " Thousands of
American young men
must answer thus.

